# BARNUM'S PLUCKY BOY TOM.



P. T. BARNUM, THE GREAT SHOWMAN.

What the Boys and Others Think of "My Plucky Boy Tom."

A Boy writes from Texas,—Bully for Tom. That iger got his match anyhow. Will all these animals a alive in Barnum's Show next summer? I am gogg to that show if I sell my hat. Give us the AMILY Broxy PAPER twice a week. Hip, hurrahler Mr. Barnum and Tom Bradford. JACK SICKLES.

From a Boy at School.—Got a licking this morning. Old Graves caught me reading the Family Broay Payer. Send last number by mail for inclosed five cents. Don't send it to the schoolhouse. Old Graves will get on to it. Three cheers for "Plucky Tom." Will Hopkins. Post-office, Highlands, N. J. office, Highlands, N. J.

From an Old Lady.—You should be ashamed of surselves for publishing such a story as "Baram's Plucky Boy Tom." A boy in this village has not Banker Ashcroft's tame deer. Baram puts I the folks crazy when he is here with his circus, and I, as a grandmother old enough to have sense, link his circus is enough without his stories. Woodbridge, N. J.

From a Librarian.—Publishers New York Family
Story Puper, New York City,—The newsdealers here
have run out of your paper. I wish you to send five
copies for three months, beginning with No. 742.
Inclosed please find money order for \$5. Our young
readers are crazy over "My Pincky Boy Tom" and
his adventures in India. Address:

WALTER SMITH, Librarian.
Library Hall, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Boy's Futher.—I am delighted to learn that Mr. P. T. Barnum has consented to write a story for the columns of the New York Family Story Paper. I am well aware that every line will have a tendency to thrill the reader, and in a manner be extremely sensational; nevertheless, I have no fear that Mr. Barnum will write anything that will be demoralizing in any sense. My boy prefers reading "My Plucky Boy Tom" to eating. Yours, etc., Samuel Otterson.

Washington, D. C.

"MY PLUCKY BOY TOM" IS PUBLISHED TO-DAY IN



NORMAN L. MUNRO, PUBLISHER, 24 and 26 Vandewater Street, New York.

#### P. T. Barnum's Letter to the American Boys.

murray Hill Hotel new York My Dear Formy Friends.

I am how approaching the age of four poore years and in the order of nature cannot remain among you much longer for are all doubte less aware that my winter quarters at Bridgepost were destroyed by fire on Nov 20th and that nearly all the wild animals were consumed in the flames. To replace these arrimals means the risking of many lives, so the thought struck me that the boys of this country would be interested in their capture and I have arranged with the publishers of the new York Tang. ily story coper to print a full descrip. tion of the capture of these ferocious aris mals. With my agents in Indians Jon Bradford, a damtless american boy and as he is doing such effective service in my behalf I have couch. ded to call my narrative my Olucky Boy Jom. With the hope that you will be pleased and thrilled with Jom's adventures in India, I remain Ever you Friend P. 7. Barnen. "My Plucky Boy Tom" is out to-day in the N. Y. Family Story Paper.

P.T.Barnum's



### PLUCKY BOY TOM:

Searching For Curiosities in India.

Tom Bradford, Mr. Barnum's favorite boy hunter, was in India when Barnum's winter quarters at Bridgeport were burned to the ground. The day after the fire MR. BARNUM SENT TOM THE FOLLOWING CABLE:

Tom Bradford, Lucknow, India.

Every single animal, except 21 elephants, a rhinoceros, and a few other animals, destroyed by fire last night in Bridgeport. Employ a full band of experienced hunters, and ship the rarest and wildest beasts to be found in India as soon as captured.

P. T. BARNUM. Murray Hill Hotel, N. Y., Nov. 21st, 1887.

TOM BRADFORD REPLIED AS FOLLOWS:

Mr. P. T. Barnum, Murray Hill Hotel, N. Y.

Cable received. Very sorry to hear of your great loss. India will be scoured and the wildest and flercest animals ever seen in America will be exhibited in the Greatest Show on Earth, if our lives are not sacrificed in their capture.

TOM BRADFORD.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that Mr. P. T. Barnum has consented to write a story for THE NEW YORK FAMILY STORY PAPER, giving a description of Tom Bradford's adventures while capturing the fiercest and wildest animals in India

A supplement containing thirteen chapters of Mr. Barnum's great story is presented to all readers of The

### **New York Family Story Paper**

OUT TO-DAY.

# Neuralgine The Great Pain Cure



RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS

PORT JERVIS, Jan. 19, 1888.

#### Neuralgine The Great Pain Cure.



THIS MAN DID USE NEURALGINE.

It is recommended by physicians every-where, because it effects a cure almost instantaneously, and is absolutely harmless.

A noted physician of New York City pronounces **NEURALGINE** to be one of the most fortunate discoveries for the benefit of the human race ever made, especially for ladies, as the female sex are more subject to neuralgia, nervous head-ache, etc., etc., which this wonderful remedy will cure instantly.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price, 50 Cents per Bottle.



# Neuralgine The Great Pain Cure.



One application of NEURALGINE re moves in many cases the most excruciat-ing pain—the worst cases rarely needing more than two or three.

SUFFERERS should at once send for this invaluable REMEDY. Price 50 cts. per Bottle.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price, 50 Cents per Bottle.

## Neuralgine



"Take those bandages off, my dear," said Griggs to his wife, "and use NEU-RALGINE."

BROOKLYN, Dec. 1, 1886.

Neuralgine Co., N. Y.

Generalgine Co., N. Y.

It swelled frightfully, became black and blue, and rained me dreadfully. Having half a bottleful of Neuralgine in the house, I bathed my hand with it. It at once relieved the pain and reduced the swelling. I then procured another bottle, and continued the application. My hand is rapidly healing, and I can now use all my fingers, which I could not do at first. In a day or two, I feel that I shall be entirely cured, thanks to Neuralgies I had left was from a bottle I bought when suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia. Less than half a bottleful completely cured me.

GEOGGE JOHNSON,

187 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn.